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THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON:

A POETICAL ESSAY.

By WILLIAM HODSON, M.A.
FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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M.DCC.LXX.

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DEDICATION

OF THE

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By WILLIAM HODSON, M.A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A Clauſe of Mr. SEATON's Will, Dated *Oct.* 8. 1738.

I Give my Kiſlingbury Eſtate to the Univerſity of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which ſhall be diſpoſed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Maſter of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Profeſſor for the time being, or any two of them ſhall agree. Which three perſons aforeſaid ſhall give out a Subject, which Subject ſhall for the firſt year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and ſo the ſucceeding Years, till the Subject is exhauſted; and afterwards the Subject ſhall be either Death, Judgement, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever elſe may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Maſter of Clare-Hall, and Greek Profeſſor, to be moſt conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of Virtue. And they ſhall yearly diſpoſe of the Rent of the above Eſtate to that Maſter of Arts, whoſe Poem on the Subject given ſhall be beſt approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in Engliſh, and to be printed; the expence of which ſhall be deducted out of the product of the Eſtate, and the reſidue given as a reward for the Compoſer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verſes.

WE the underwritten do aſſign Mr. SEATON's Reward to WILLIAM HODSON, M.A. for his Poem on *The Dedication of the Temple of Solomon*, and do direct the ſaid Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 24. 1770.

W. Richardſon, Vice-Chanc^r.
P.S. Goddard, Maſter of Clare-Hall.
M. Lort, Greek Profeſſor.

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will, Dated Oct. 8. 1736.

I Give my Kidlington Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, or be the Vice Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and in the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be by them approved. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Compiler of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE the underwritten do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward to WILLIAM HODSON, M.A. for his Poem on The Dedication of the Temple of Solomon, and do direct the said Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

W. Richardson, Vice-Chanc.
P.S. Goddard, Master of Clare-Hall.
M. Lort, Greek Professor.

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

THE pious Act of Iſrael's peaceful King,
Whoſe Praiſe re-eccho'd by the Trump of Fame
Beyond the Confines of remoteſt Lands,
From Sheba, and from Araby the bleſt,
From Afric's Deſerts, and the Eaſtern Shores
Where rapid Indus rolls his golden Waves,
To Solyma allur'd unnumber'd Crowds,
To hear the Wiſdom falling from his Tongue,
And catch the honey'd Accents of his Mouth,
I ſing. — From that reſplendent Throne, where rob'd
In Majeſty ineffable thou ſitt'ſt,
Deſcend, celeſtial Muſe! Urania! Thee
I call; deſcend, and breath into my Verſe,
Thy ſolemn Sounds, thy Soul-commanding Pow'r,

Until it pour its thund'ring Tide along,
In Numbers equal to its ſwelling Theme. —

Fell Diſcord now, her Robes beſmear'd with Blood,
Her Breath more fatal than the deadly Plague,
Whoſe humid Wings, ſurcharg'd with foul Diſeaſe,
Deſtroy the Bluſhes of the roſy Spring,
And blaſt fair Nature's Pride; no more laid waſte
The verdant Beauty of Judea's Plains.
No more the Trumpet's ſhrill-ton'd Clangor pierc'd
The wide-extended Vault of Heav'n, and call'd
The Warrior forth, where louder than the Burſt,
When mingled Thunders ſhake the lab'ring Pole,
The Din of Battle roar'd. The Matron now
And hoary Sire, no more, their Cheeks bedew'd
With Tears, their Hands uplifted to the Throne
Of Heav'n, beſought their Fathers God to cloſe
Their aged Eyes, and give their Sorrows Reſt.
For War's deſtroying Sword had ceas'd to ſpread
Its Horrors thro' the Land, and meek-ey'd Peace,
With Plenty in her Train, from her full Lap
Shower'd down rich Bleſſings on the famiſh'd Earth,

'Till

'Till Hill and Valley ſmil'd, and every Scene
Was chang'd from Woe, to Extaſy and Joy. —

Thrice happy Nation! Favorites of Heav'n!
Selected from the Kingdoms of the Earth
To be his choſen Race, ordain'd to ſpread
His Glory thro' remoteſt Realms, and teach
The Gentile World Jehovah's awful Name.
Oh had ye known the Bleſſings ye enjoy'd!
Ye could not have indulg'd that impious Rage,
Which ſcrupled not to leave your God, and bow
The Knee to Moloch, horrid King! which dar'd
Defile his holy Place, with impious Carnage,
And fear'd not to inſult his Majeſty,
Whoſe awful Word could crumble into Duſt
Your Idol Gods, and You. At whoſe Command
Th' affrighted Waves retir'd, and ſtood on Heaps
As tho' an adamantine Mound had ſtopt
Their rapid Courſe, and to the Sun, — (a Sight,
Whate'er the Bards of old fabling relate,
Unknown before;) — the Chambers of the Deep
Diſclos'd. But when his choſen Race had paſs'd,

At his dread Call with mighty Noiſe they ruſh'd,
More furious than the rolling Blaſt of Night,
Which inſtant from its knotted Center tears
The Mountain Oak, whoſe tow'ring Head, unmov'd
For Ages brav'd the Winds of Heav'n; or than
The horrid Burſt which ſhakes the cavern'd Earth,
When Ætna vomits forth her livid Fires;
And 'mid the ſwelling Torrent overwhelm'd
The haughty Tyrant, and his wretched Crew,
Who durſt preſume to tread that Path, which God
Had made for Iſraël alone. Oh more
Than mortal Blindneſs! to reject his kind
Paternal Care, whoſe bounteous Hand, amid
The barren Wilderneſs for forty Years,
Had fed your Fathers with the Bread of Heav'n:
Who made you ride upon the vanquiſh'd Necks
Of mighty Kings, and rais'd you up a Prince
To bleſs Judea's happy Land; a Prince
With ev'ry Gift adorn'd, and fram'd alike
To dare the Horrors of the tented Field
While Battle roll'd againſt his Side, or grace
The gentle Arts of Peace. — But who, great King!

Can

Can worthily expreſs thy Praiſe? thy Lyre,
Thy living Lyre alone, whoſe dulcet Sounds
In gentleſt Murmurs floating on the Air,
Could calm the Fury of the Woe-ſtruck King,
And ſooth the Agony which pierc'd his Heart;
Or when thou ſwept'ſt the maſter Strings and roll'dſt
The deep impetuous Tide along, with more
Than mortal Sound, could'ſt raiſe his raptur'd Soul
To Extaſy; or from the tortur'd Strings
Harſh Diſcord ſhaking, ſink him in the Gulph
Of dire Deſpair, while Horror chill'd his Blood,
And from each Pore the agonizing Sweat
Diſtill'd; that deep-ton'd Lyre alone, can ſing
Thy fervent Piety, thy glowing Zeal,
Whoſe righteous Soul, aggriev'd to ſee the Ark,
That holy Sanctuary which contain'd
The ſacred Tranſcript of the Will of God,
From Place, to Place, by Hands prophane conducted,
And oft, oh Sacrilege! become the Prey
Of impious Philiſtines, reſolv'd to build
An holy Temple to the God of Hoſts,
An Habitation to contain this Pledge

Of Heav'nly Love, thoſe Laws, which from Mount Sinai
Jehovah cloath'd with Terrors, while thick Clouds,
And Darkneſs wrapt him round, pronounc'd in Sounds
Which chill'd the Hearts of thoſe who heard, and froze
Their vital Blood. Beneath whoſe awful Feet
Earth trembled, and the lofty Mountain ſhook,
Hoarſe Thunder growl'd, and livid Lightnings flaſh'd,
While Sounds of Horror and Diſtreſs, amid
The howling Wilderneſs were heard. — Approach,
Ye boaſted Sages of proud Greece! and Rome!
Approach this ſacred Scene! and bluſh. Attend,
Oh vain Philoſophy! thou wand'ring Light!
Which haſt ſo oft miſled our Steps, attend!
And proſtrate at this Heav'nly Shrine, lament
Thy Blindneſs, and forego thy Pride; here caſt
Thy Trophies down, undeck thyſelf of all
Thy borrow'd Plumes, and own the Fountain whence
Thy hoary Sons receiv'd the living Fire,
Which animates the glowing Page they penn'd.

Oh happy David! whoſe exalted Soul
Such heav'nly Ardour breath'd; thrice happy Thou!

To

To frame the bleſs'd Deſign, altho' deny'd
The full Completion of thy fervent Wiſh.
That holy Care the God of Peace reſerv'd
For thy lov'd Son, whoſe hands the bloody Sword
Of ruthleſs War had ne'er defil'd, whom Heav'n
Had crown'd with every Gift his Heart could frame,
His fond Ideas paint. — Yes, favour'd Prince!
That envied Happineſs was thine; 'twas Thee
Th' Almighty choſe among the Sons of Men,
To dedicate a Temple to his Name,
Where He, whoſe awful Preſence fills the vaſt
Immenſity of Space, who makes the Clouds
His Chariot, rides ſublime the Whirlwind's Wing,
And guides the raging Storm, would deign to dwell,
And make his Preſence known. — Th' exalted Taſk
Thy princely Wiſdom worthily perform'd;
The pride of every Region, every Clime,
Thy pious Care ſelected for the Work,
And brought to Solyma; whoſe Magazines
Th' united Produce of the World contain'd.
Here might be ſeen the Treaſures of the Eaſt,
The boaſted Wealth of Taprobana's * Shores,

With

* Bochart's Chanaan, B. I. Ch. 46.

With varied Splendour ſtruck the dazzled Eye,
And ſham'd thy radiant Light, oh Sun! — Beneath
Thy foſt'ring Hand, the glorious Structure roſe,
Whoſe haughty Front, on maſſy Pillars built,
Contemn'd the Earth, and menaced the Stars.
Whoſe Roofs, and Walls, for which old Lebanon
Gave up the Pride of Years, with precious Gems,
And Gold were overlaid; whoſe lofty Gates
On golden Hinges hung, unfolding wide
With ſolemn Sound, which thro' the fretted Vaults
In pealing Ecchoes ran, diſplay'd the vaſt
Magnificence which ſtruck th' aſtoniſh'd View,
Where every Grace, and Beauty, Art could frame,
Or human Skill invent, blaz'd on the Sight. —
But chief the inner Houſe, the holy Seat
Deſign'd to guard the bleſſed Covenant
Which Heav'n with Man had made, employ'd thy Care.
The Em'rald's vivid Hue, the Diamond's Glow,
Whoſe lucid Rays the Abſence of the Sun
Supplied, compos'd its ſacred Walls. Here ſtood
The conſecrated Veſſels, highly wrought
Of bright Parvaïm Gold, where branching Palms,

And

And Cherubs myſtic Forms, the Sculptor's Pow'r
And wondrous Art diſplay'd. Here too was plac'd
The holy Altar, where the great high Prieſt,
Each Year preſented to the Throne of Heav'n
The Blood of Victims, and invok'd the God
Of Sacrifice, to hear a Nation's Pray'r.
Two lofty Cherubins with Wings of Gold,
Of Gold from Ophir brought, extended wide
The Entrance kept, and ſpread a ſolemn Shade.
And leſt unhallow'd Hands ſhould dare defile
The ſacred Utenſils, or curious pry
Into the holy Myſteries, a Veil
Conceal'd them from the View, thro' which the Prieſt
Alone preſum'd to paſs. — But ſtop, my Muſe!
Where is the adamantine Pen, whoſe Courſe
Unwearied as the Sun, has Strength to paint
Thoſe endleſs Wonders, where the raviſh'd Eye
From Beauty, rang'd to Beauty, without End.
Oh glorious Temple! worthy of the God
Whoſe ſplended Shrine thou waſt! what can compare
With Thee? — Ye Wonders of the Heathen World!
Ye boaſted Wonders! where is now your Pride?

Ye Pyramids! whoſe tow'ring Heads aroſe
Into the Sky, and darkned Egypt's Land;
Ye Walls of Babylon! the far-fam'd Work
Of her, who with a Woman's Form poſſeſs'd
The noble firmneſs of a manly Soul;
Where is your Grandeur now? — Your Honour's loſt,
Your Glory is eclips'd. — Ye Works of Vanity!
Unworthy Incenſe to the Pride of Man!
Ye Trophies of deſtroying Time! Your Fame
One Day ſhall fail without a Veſtige left
To ſhew you once have been. — Not ſo ſhalt Thou,
Thrice hallow'd Pile! whoſe Heav'n-inſpir'd Deſign
Seraphic Love, and pious Ardour breath'd.
For tho' an impious Tyrant's daring Hand,
Shall caſt thy Bulwarks to the Ground, and tread
Thy Glory in the Duſt, thy Memory
Shall laſt, pure as th' unſullied Light of Heav'n,
Recorded in that hallow'd Page, whoſe Truths,
Whoſe ſacred Truths ſhall live, when Years ſhall roll
No more, and every Period which has mark'd
The furrow'd Cheek of Time, amid the vaſt,
Unfathom'd Ocean of Eternity
Be loſt. —

* The golden Seaſon of the Year
Now haſt'ned on, when yellow-haired Autumn,
His Head with ſwelling Sheaves, and purple Fruits
Encircled, pours his choiceſt Treaſures forth:
Fair Nature's glowing Pencil, dipt amid
The bluſhing Tints which deck the Bow of Heav'n,
With rip'ned Beauty paints the waving Scene.
The Sun now darts no more that burning Rage,
Whoſe fierce Effulgence drives the fainting World,
To ſeek the cooling Stream, or ſhady Bow'r;
His ſweeteſt Beams he ſheds, attemper'd ſoft
Thro' fleecy Clouds, whoſe animating Warmth
With wild Luxuriance ſtrews the Lap of Earth,
And crowns the ſmiling Fields with gen'rous Plenty. —
'Twas then Judea's pious King, beneath
Whoſe foſt'ring Care the coſtly Edifice,
The labour'd Work of many a Year, receiv'd
That ſolemn Grandeur which became the Pride,
And Wonder of ſucceeding Times; proclaim'd
A ſolemn Feaſt, and call'd to Salem's Tow'rs
The Sons of Judah, ſcatter'd wide around
Her

* It was in the month Ethanim that the People were aſſembled.

Her diſtant Hills, from Hermon, to the mount
Of Horeb, down whoſe Rock-encumber'd Side,
In plenteous Torrents roll'd the chryſtal Stream,
Struck by that potent Rod, which once ſtretch'd forth
Upon the ſedgy Waters of old Nile,
To putrid Gore his circling Waves congeal'd. —
As when the Fountains of the roaring Deep,
No longer burſting o'er their cavern'd Bed,
Had ceas'd to pour their ſwelling Billows forth,
Nor one unbounded Sea this earthly Ball
O'erwhelm'd; th' unnumber'd Species who eſcap'd
The wild Uproar, and univerſal Wreck,
Deſcended from the Cloud-envellop'd Top
Of Ararat, to plant the deſert Waſte,
And animate the lifeleſs Globe; — ſo ruſh'd
The num'rous Race of Jacob, to behold
The ſacred Pomp, and join the general Joy.
Scarce could her ample Palaces contain
The countleſs Hoſt, which crowded to her Gates.
No clouded Brow was ſeen, but Pleaſure fill'd
Each bounding Heart, and ſparkled in each Eye.
Pale Melancholy, with her murky Train,

And

And Envy's haggard Cheek, accurſed Brood
Of Sin, and Death, far from the happy Scene
Where decent Mirth, and pious Gladneſs bleſs'd
The circling Hours, amid the dreary Realms
Of ſable-hooded Night, their native Clime,
Where black-brow'd Darkneſs flaps his raven Wings,
Their horrid Shapes, and ſqualid looks conceal'd.
The bounteous King each Care ſupplied, and grac'd
The feſtive Board, where joyous Plenty ſmil'd,
And generous Goblets crown'd the rich Repaſt. —
At length the Morn which brought the hallow'd Day,
Deſign'd to ſolemnize the Myſteries,
And conſecrate to Heav'n's eternal King
The glorious Fabric to his Honour rais'd,
With roſy Steps advanc'd, purpling the Eaſt.
Soon as the flaming Car of Light had left
Old Ocean's Bed, and bounding up Heav'n's Vault
Upon the gloomy World had pour'd the Flood
Of Day; the Trumpet's lofty Sound the Rites
Proclaim'd, and to the royal Palace call'd
The Prieſts, the Elders, and th' unnumber'd Crowd,
Which fill'd the Walls of Solyma. The grand

Proceſſion

Proceſſion thence began. — Firſt march'd the Guards
In burniſh'd Arms reſplendent to the Sun.
The Victims next, more num'rous than the Flocks,
And lowing Herds, upon a thouſand Hills,
An Offering of Peace approach'd. — To theſe
The great high Prieſt, in ſacred Veſtments rob'd,
Succeeded, holding in his aged Hands
The Knife of Sacrifice. His ſilver Locks
A Mitre, rich inlaid with Pearls, adorn'd,
Upon whoſe Front theſe Characters were grav'd
In words of Gold, HOLINESS TO THE LORD.
Around his trembling Limbs, which bent beneath
The Weight, was wrapt a purple Ephod deck'd
With coſtly Gems, and Gold; and on his Breaſt
The myſtic Urim, and the Thummim ſhone.
Behind were ſeen the Prieſts, and Levites, cloath'd
In linnen Garments white as Mountain Snow,
Bearing the holy Ark, with Reverence,
And Awe. Around in Order march'd the Singers,
Hymning Jehovah's Name in Songs of Praiſe.
With every Strain the ſilver Trumpets breath'd
Their ſwelling Notes, and pierc'd the ambient Air;

At

At which th' attendant Throng enraptur'd join'd
The num'rous Choir in Shouts of Heart-felt Joy,
And ſang Hoſannahs to the King of Kings,
Who was, and is, and is to come, 'till Heav'n's
Capacious Dome re-eccho'd to the Sound.
Next came the King array'd in Crimſon Robes,
And ſeated on a Car of ſolid Gold:
Around him walk'd the Nobles of his Court,
In Purple cloath'd of richeſt Hue, the Work
Of Tyre, for Skill, and Cunning fam'd. — Behind
Appear'd the Guards, who clos'd the pompous Scene;
Which round the City's wide-ſtretch'd Circuit march'd
With ſlow and ſolemn Pace, until they reach'd
The Temple's lofty Gates, whoſe ample Round
The num'rous Train admitted; where arriv'd,
Within the Sanctuary's hallow'd Space
They plac'd the Ark, and while the great high Prieſt
With due Luſtrations ſanctify'd the Courts,
And ſolemniz'd the Myſteries, again
They ſtruck the chorded Shell, and caroll'd ſweet
Th' impaſſion'd Hymn of Praiſe. — The deſtin'd Victims
Upon the Altar bound, he now approach'd,

To plunge into their Breaſts the ſacred Knife,
When Solomon deſcending from his Seat,
Where underneath a Canopy of Gold
Sublime he ſat, and bending low, addreſs'd
The Throne of Heav'n. — No more the choral Song
Was heard, their golden Lyres no more breath'd forth
The melting Rapture, every Voice was huſh'd,
A Death-like Silence reign'd around, and mute
Attention dwelt upon each Tongue. — Oh Thou
Who erſt didſt open Zacharias' Lips,
Eternal Spirit! Searcher of all Hearts!
Breath thro' my inmoſt Soul that Light divine,
Whoſe pure unclouded Fountains once inſpir'd
Thy Prophets myſtic Pens; that I may catch
Th' extatic Fervour which inflam'd his Breaſt,
While raptur'd at the Altar's hallow'd Foot
Theſe ſacred Accents glow'd upon his Tongue.

" FATHER omnipotent! Eternal God!
" Thrice holy! Self exiſtent! Pow'r ſupreme!
" Whoſe mighty Word yon maſſy Spheres attun'd,
" And call'd the Wonders of Creation forth.

" Thou

" Thou whom the Sun in his eternal Courſe,
" And Morning Stars inſpher'd, together quire;
" Jehovah, incommunicable Name!
" Before whoſe awful Preſence, Angels veil'd,
" With mighty Seraphim, inceſſant hymn
" Their God, in Extaſy of ceaſeleſs Praiſe.
" Shalt Thou, unchangeable, eternal King!
" Before whoſe ever burning Throne, in Chains
" Of Adamant, Eternity, and Fate
" Lie bound. Who with the Lightning's Beam, in Words
" Of Fire, engrav'ſt thy everlaſting Laws,
" Upon the Front of Heav'n's unbounded Sphere.
" Beneath whoſe mighty Nod, when Thou art wroth,
" The ſolid Mountain from its Center ſhakes,
" And Earth's ingulph'd Foundations ſtand reveal'd;
" While Vengeance riſing from his Bed of Woe,
" To cruſh a guilty World, his creſted Snakes
" Erects, and lances from his red right Arm
" The flaming Thunderbolt. — Shalt Thou reſide
" In Houſes Hands have faſhion'd? No; beyond
" Creation's ample Circuit, where the Car
" Of Day, pure Fount of empyreal Light!

" Ne'er ſhed his all enliv'ning Beam, thy Pow'r
" Pervades, and fills th' unfathomable Void
" Of Chaos, and of Night. — Yet deign t' accept
" This Temple ſacred to thy holy Name,
" And tho' thou dwell'ſt on high, receive our Pray'rs.
" Forgive our paſt Backſlidings, may we grieve
" No more that holy Spirit, which has work'd
" Unnumber'd Miracles for Iſrael's Sons.
" Protect thy choſen Race from murd'rous Snares
" Of proud deceitful Men, who hunt for Blood,
" As roams the famiſh'd Lion for his Prey.
" Ariſe, oh King of Kings! and diſappoint
" Their Malice, who unmindful of their God,
" Thy awful Majeſty, thy Pow'r defy,
" And bow the Knee to Dagon. Who amid
" Their nightly Orgies, chant in mad'ning Choirs
" His Might divine, and give to ſculptur'd Stones
" Thy Glory, and thy Name. Turn from theſe Walls
" Their ſacrilegious Hands, whoſe impious Rage
" Burns to defile theſe hallow'd Inſtruments,
" Theſe Veſſels to thy Service conſecrate.
" Oh let no Blood to Idols offer'd ſtain

" This

" This holy Altar, nor within theſe Roofs,
" To other Gods than Thee, let Incenſe ſmoke.
" Deſcend celeſtial Spirits! Ye who wait
" Around the Throne of God! deſcend, and guard
" This Heav'n-devoted Shrine. Come, holy Love!
" Meek Angel! Daughter mild of Innocence,
" And Truth! leave, leave thy bright enthron'd Abode
" On high, and with Religion, ſainted Maid!
" Propitious guide amid Life's darkſome Vale
" Our wand'ring Steps. Oh ſend thy Cherub, Hope,
" To chaſe from every contrite Heart, the Fiend
" Deſpair; and let thy Mercy's gentleſt Ray,
" Refreſhing as the ſilver Dew of Heav'n
" Upon the drooping Flow'rs, deſcend to ſooth
" The weeping Penitent. Breath thro' our Souls
" Thy Heav'nly Ardour, teach us to implore
" His tender Mercies, whoſe paternal Love
" Forgave our Diſobedience. May our Hearts
" In Duty firm, obſequious to his Will
" His Laws obey, and to his Name alone
" Our Adorations give, 'till wrapt beyond
" That ſtarry Canopy, where Seraphs ſweep

" Their

" Their living Lyres, and sing in Notes divine
" The endless Wonders of creative Pow'r,
" We join th' immortal Choir, and tune our Harps
" To endless Raptures, and eternal Praise.

He ceas'd. When lo! a mighty Noise was heard
Of rushing Winds, and Fire from Heav'n consum'd
The Sacrifice. Upon the holy Seat
The Shechinah descended, and illumin'd
The Temple's spacious Walls with radiant Glory:
A burning Cloud it seem'd, like that which erst
Attended Judah's Sons, when to avoid
The galling Load of Pharaoh's iron Sway,
From Egypt's Land they fled. Th' unnumber'd Host
Amazed at the Sight, with holy Awe
Their Faces veil'd, and prostrate on the Ground
In Hallelujahs hymn'd Jehovah's Name,
To Him alone ascribing Majesty,
And Pow'r. Jehovah's Name the vaulted Roofs
Rebound; their Acclamations pierce the Skies,
And with the Smoke of Sacrifice ascend
A grateful Incense to the Throne of God.